

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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No. 5.



MAY has come again—May, one of the sweetest of months—and, as usual, it brings a few flowers, and promises many more. What a kind provision it is, on the part of Providence, that if we must bid an occasion-

al adieu to the fair things of life, we take double pleasure when they return to us again. So it is now—blooming, blushing, bouncing May! happy are we to see thee—happy to see thy buds and blossoms—happy to breathe thy

balmy air—happy to hear thy bird-music—happy to rejoice in the hopes and wishes that are inspired by thy presence.

Come, gentle month—let us treat thee as a friend! We love thee much, and hope to see our affection returned. We are accustomed, like the poets, to think of thee as a maiden—pure—bright—beautiful; a being—a personality—a creature of thought and soul—loving and beloved—one that can hear, and see, and feel—one, in short, like many a blue-eyed, and many a black-eyed subscriber to Merry's Museum. Often, in our youthful days, have we half fancied that we saw thee in the meadows, at the hour of sunrise, with an apron-full of "buttercups and daisies"—now tripping over the dewy grass, and now gliding, dim and distant, along the shrubby hill-sides, turning all the buds into blossoms. These sights are not so clear, now that our eyes are dim with years, as in the days long gone by. No—we can no more see things not to be seen. We cannot now chase thee over hill and dale, and be content with a mere glimpse of thy wings, or a trace of thy footsteps. Consider, gentle month, that we are now old—very old—and therefore do we beg, as we cannot go to thee, that thou wilt come to us. Sit thee down, maiden fair—make thyself at home, while we hold a dialogue with thee.

MERRY.

Where hast thou been, for many a day,
Since last we parted, month of May?

MAY.

That's a question, Mr. Merry,
Very hard to answer—very!

Tell me where the rainbow hides—
Tell me where the zephyr bides—
Tell me where the sunbeam stays—
Where goes the candle's parted blaze?
Where shall we find the echo's bed?
Where does the sea-wave lay its head?
Tell me this, and tell me true,
And I'll freely answer you.

MERRY.

Pretty May, thy wit is keen—
But on thy lip a smile is seen—
Thou hast thy joke—now, prithee, say,
Where hast thou been, sweet month of May?

MAY.

Far southward—o'er the hill and dell,
Where rivers wind, and forests swell—
Where buds are bursting into flowers—
Where birds are nesting in their bowers—
Where music comes from bush and tree—
Where new-born honey feeds the bee—
Where boys and girls are out a Maying—
There—there I've been, and there I'm staying.

Wonders of Biography.

No. VII.

MARCO POLO.

MARCO POLO was a Venetian traveler, who visited China, and many other countries of the East, in the thirteenth century. Being the first European who wrote any account of those regions, his narrative was not credited by his countrymen, and Marco was for a long time regarded as an unscrupulous dealer in fiction.

The first knowledge which the people of Europe obtained of the populous and wealthy regions of further Asia, affected them with mingled emotions of surprise, astonishment, and incredulity.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, that part of the world was the scene of one of those mighty revolutions which change the aspect of the globe. The crusades presented a theatre of war, and commotion, and adventure, more vast and striking than Europe had seen since the days of Charlemagne. As the intercourse between Europe and Asia was extended, a crowd of new ideas poured in among the people of the West, and filled them with wonder and amazement. Scenes of vast and wild magnificence—palaces glittering with gold and gems—armed hosts, before which the military array of Europe sunk into insignificance—and populous cities, beside which the mightiest capitals seemed villages—these were the objects which struck the eyes of those who traveled into those immense regions known under the vague appellation of “the East.”

Commerce, at its first revival in Europe, was chiefly in the hands of the nobility of Venice and Genoa. These distinguished bodies, instead of despising trade, like the modern aristocracies of Europe, viewed it as the pride and bulwark of a state. They pursued their undertakings with energy, intelligence, and boldness of enterprise; and visited distant regions and seas, which had been known to antiquity only by faint and obscure rumor. The family of Polo, at Venice, were among the most distinguished of these adventurous merchants.

Maffio and Nicolo Polo, the father and uncle of Marco, in the year 1250, undertook a voyage to Constantinople,

which was then the great mart of eastern trade. After disposing of their cargo there, they were tempted by commercial views to visit the Tartars on the river Volga. Among these people they were well received, but a war breaking out before their return, they were compelled to make their way back by a circuitous route, round the Sea of Aral, through Bokhara, which country was then governed by a branch of the great family of Zingis Khan.

China had been recently conquered by the Tartars, and the Great Khan then held his court at Cambalu, which appears to have been the Tartar name for the city of Pekin. The Polos were induced to make a visit to this city, and after a long journey they reached it, and were received in the most gracious manner by the Khan, who was very inquisitive respecting the countries of Europe. He was so pleased with the account which the Polos gave of the nations of the West, that he transmitted by them a request to the Pope, entreating him to send a number of Europeans to teach his subjects the Christian religion and the sciences of the West. The Pope readily acceded to this request, and the Polos set out on a second expedition in 1272.

Marco Polo was but nineteen years of age when he accompanied his father and uncle on this great undertaking. They took their route along the northern part of Asia Minor, which was then inhabited by the Turks. Here the finest carpets in the world were manufactured in that age. The travelers then ascended the lofty mountains of

Armenia, and passed Ararat, covered with eternal snow, and where, according to a tradition which still prevails, the ark of Noah first rested. Thence, traversing the country of Kurdistan, they descended the Euphrates to Bagdad, then a splendid metropolis, distinguished by various rich manufactures, particularly embroidered silks, damasks, and flowered velvet. Its schools were also renowned; and the studies consisted of magic, astronomy, physiognomy, etc.

They next passed through Persia, which Marco describes as a fine, fertile region, interspersed with extensive tracts of desert infested by bands of robbers. The superstitious people believed that these robbers had the power of enveloping travelers in preternatural darkness, under cover of which they were easily robbed and murdered. This belief was probably caused by the banditti taking advantage of the thick mists to which the country is subject. In the northern part of Persia, they heard much of the dynasty of the Ismaelis, or Assassins, the chief of which was known in Europe by the name of the "Old Man of the Mountain." This personage was an object of terror and astonishment to all the world, and Marco gives a full account of the extraordinary process by which he had established a power which was then so much dreaded.

They passed on through many other countries till they reached the Great Desert of Cobi, or Shamo, which is two thousand miles in extent. In traversing this dreary region, various

imaginary terrors heightened the impression which the aspect of nature was calculated to produce. Malignant spirits were supposed to be ever on the watch to lead astray those who lost sight of their traveling companions. Sometimes they imitated the sound of a marching caravan, which the misguided traveler endeavored to reach, and thus lost himself in the solitude of the desert. Sometimes the sound of musical instruments, the beating of drums, and the clash of arms, were heard in the air. That such illusions should arise in the minds of men bewildered in the depths of an awful solitude, was altogether natural, and the love of the marvellous would easily gain them credit among a people not able to appreciate the regularity and constancy of the laws of nature.

After a journey filled with adventures of more than three years' continuance, the travelers reached the court of the Great Khan, and accompanied him to Cambalu. They found this city to surpass in splendor all which they had previously seen. The wall inclosing the imperial palace was thirty-two miles in circuit, and contained all the armories, as well as fields and meadows well stocked with game. The palace itself was four miles round, with a high roof, entirely covered with painting and gilding; the halls were ornamented with figures of dragons and other animals.

The travelers visited a great number of the cities of northern China, and then accompanied the Khan to the southern part of the empire. The capital, Quen-Sai, completely dazzled

their eyes by its prodigious size and magnificence. "Quen-Sai," says Marco, "signifies 'the celestial city:' it is one hundred miles in circuit, having on one side a beautiful lake of clear water, and on the other a large river, from which canals are distributed through all the streets. These canals are crossed by bridges, amounting in number, it is said, to 12,000. The lake is surrounded by the villas of the mandarins and great men, and in summer is covered with the boats of pleasure parties. At the distance of every four miles, within the city, is a market, half a mile square, which, on three days in the week, is crowded with persons bringing in from the country game, flesh, fruit, fish, and provisions of every sort. The people of the city seem entirely devoted to pomp, pleasure, and luxury." It appears very evident that Quen-Sai is the modern city of Hang-tcheou-fou, which, though now degraded into a provincial capital, still retains marks of having been such a city as Polo describes. The circuit of the walls is about sixty miles, and might once have been greater.

The Polos remained in China many years, and were employed by the Khan in various important official situations. They felt at length a longing desire to visit their native country, but Kublai was unwilling to lose their valuable services. It was only upon a promise of speedily returning to China, that he gave them permission to depart. Having been liberally rewarded for their labors, they converted the greater part of their wealth into precious stones,

which they sewed up in the seams and linings of old clothes for safe conveyance in the long and dangerous journey which awaited them.

Their route back to Europe was chiefly by water. They coasted along the shore of Cochin China, Tonquin, and Malacca, to Sumatra, from which island they crossed the Bay of Bengal to Ceylon. Thence they proceeded along the coast of Malabar, where Marco took notice of the Hindoo custom of widows burning themselves on the funeral pile with their husbands. He also mentions the abundance of pepper and ginger produced here. From Malabar, they sailed across the Indian Ocean to the Red Sea, and on this voyage Marco collected the first information respecting the island of Madagascar. From the Red Sea homeward, by the way of Alexandria, their route was comparatively safe and easy; and at length, after an absence of twenty-three years, they again found themselves at Venice.

When they reached their native city, they experienced the reception that attended Ulysses on his return to Ithaca. Their own relations did not know them, and they were believed to have died many years previous. By the length of time they had been absent, and the fatigues they had undergone in their long journeys, their appearance was quite changed, and they seemed to have acquired something of the Tartar both in countenance and speech. Their garments, also, were mean and coarse, and there was nothing about them that looked like Italians. When they called at their family mansion, they found it

in possession of one of their kindred, who refused to admit them, as he believed them to be impostors.

The Polos, therefore, in order to make themselves known to their connections, and at the same time to impress the whole city of Venice with an adequate idea of their wealth and importance, devised a singular expedient. They caused a magnificent entertainment to be prepared, and invited their numerous relatives to the feast. When the dinner-hour arrived, the three travelers made their appearance clothed in long robes of crimson satin, such as were worn in that day by rich persons on grand occasions. After water had been carried round for washing hands, according to the Italian custom, and the guests had taken their places, the hosts stripped themselves of their garments, took them to pieces, and divided them among those who were present. They then put on robes of purple damask, richer than the former ones. When the first course of dishes had been removed, they took off these robes and distributed them in like manner, replacing them by others of crimson velvet. At the conclusion of the feast, these again were given to the guests, and the hosts arrayed themselves in plain suits, like those of the rest of the company.

All the guests were astonished at these proceedings, and felt no little curiosity to know what was to be the result of so strange an entertainment. As soon as the cloth was removed, and the domestics had been ordered to withdraw, Marco rose from the table, went

into an adjoining room, and brought out the three coarse, threadbare garments in which they had first made their appearance on their return to Venice. Taking their knives, they then proceeded to rip the seams, and strip off the linings and patches, with which these ragged coats abounded, and by this operation brought to view a surprising number of the most costly jewels, as rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds. This display of wealth so astonishing and incalculable in amount, which lay on the table before them, filled all the spectators with amazement, so that they remained for some time dumb and motionless. But upon recovering from their surprise, they felt entirely convinced that their hosts were in truth the honorable and valiant gentlemen of the house of Polo.

The guests, electrified by this spectacle, immediately spread through Venice the report of what they had seen, and the whole city was soon in a tumult of wonder and curiosity. People of all ranks, ages, and descriptions, flocked to the house to congratulate them, and to make inquiries respecting their eastern adventures. Marco was the principal speaker in the relation of the wonders which they had seen, and his society was courted by all the young nobles who were animated by any spirit of curiosity. He gained a high reputation, and was employed by the government in many important affairs.

But amid all these various occupations and amusements, the design of writing a regular narrative of his trav-

els seems never to have occurred to him. It was not then, as it is now, the established custom that every traveler who has visited a foreign country must write a book of his adventures. Nor were there any enterprising booksellers to stimulate literary enterprise by the offer of a high price for a copyright. The world, therefore, might have known the discoveries of Marco Polo only through the imperfect medium of tradition, had it not been for a signal disaster by which this adventurous traveler was overtaken.

A war breaking out between Venice and Genoa, the Venetians equipped a fleet, in which Marco was appointed an officer. An engagement took place at sea, the Venetians were defeated, and Marco was carried a prisoner to Genoa. That city was then in the zenith of her glory, and shared with Venice most of the commerce, wealth, and learned curiosity which yet existed in Europe. The prison of the Venetian captive was visited by the most distinguished of the Genoese, and the tale of his marvelous adventures was listened to with the same eager interest as in his native country. He was detained at Genoa four years, in the course of which time a gentleman named Rustigiello, who had become extremely attached to him, and visited him almost daily, conceived the wish of communicating to the world that knowledge from which he himself had derived such high gratification. He therefore proposed to write down the narrative from the dictation of Marco, which the latter agreed to as no unpleasing mode of beguiling the tedium

of his confinement. To these circumstances we are indebted for this celebrated narrative, the manuscript copies of which were dispersed through all the libraries of Europe.

At the end of his captivity, Marco returned to Venice, where he appears to have spent the remainder of his life. He died in 1320, being about 70 years of age.

Although the public received Marco's narrative with great eagerness, yet it was not long before his fame was darkened by a heavy cloud of unbelief. Such an ill fortune has attended the reputation of many illustrious men who have first acquainted mankind with important facts. The things which he had seen in the distant region of China, far surpassed any thing which Europe contained. The immense population and wealth of the Chinese cities appeared to belong rather to a fairy tale than to a description of any part of the globe in actual existence. The Venetians, on hearing the vast scale on which the revenues, population, etc., of the oriental kingdoms were described, could not restrain their spirit of incredulity, and bestowed on the narrator the nickname of "Mr. Mark Million."

To such an extent was this incredulity carried, that, after Marco's death, a personage bearing his name was introduced on the stage of the Venetian theatre, and made to utter all the extravagant and absurd fables which the fancy of the writer could suggest. Several of Marco's friends, tender of his reputation, urged him to expunge from his narrative a few of those mar-

vels by which the belief of his countrymen was staggered. But the proposal was always rejected by him in the most indignant manner ; and he insisted that, so far from having indulged in exaggeration, he had not recorded even half the wonders which he had beheld during his travels.

The reputation of Marco Polo, therefore, continued to stand upon an equivocal footing till the discoveries of modern travelers in the East rescued it, by dispelling the doubts which had hitherto hung upon his narrations. India, China, and the islands of the East, were explored by European adventurers, and their accounts have removed all suspicion respecting the veracity of the celebrated Venetian. His narrative, it is true, contains some marvelous and improbable things, but these he has given from hearsay. In whatever he describes as coming under his own observation, he appears to have observed the most scrupulous accuracy. Considering the ignorance of the age in which he lived, and the innumerable impediments that lay in the path of every one who ventured beyond the limits of his own country, Marco Polo must be regarded as occupying the very first rank among intelligent and observing travelers.

Most of the troubles and vexations of this life consist in the anticipation and dread of calamities which are never realized.

NEVER make money at the expense of your reputation.

Every-day Comforts and Luxuries.

THE variety of distant regions by which our every-day comforts and luxuries are supplied, is a geographical lesson familiar to our earliest infancy. The child knows that the tea it is drinking came from the estate of a mandarin, and has possibly traversed half the course of the Yangtse-kiang in its passage to this country. Its coffee was grown by swarthy Arabs within the sound of the muezzin's voice. The snowy crystals of sugar were extracted from a cane in Jamaica by Christian Africans, or on the banks of the Ganges by Pagan Hindoos. If the cream is the production of Middlesex, the butter not improbably was churned and kneaded by Dutch or Belgian fraus. The material of the urn was perhaps found a quarter of a mile deep in Cornwall or Anglesea, but that of the teapot spoon was excavated by Indians from the heart of the Cordilleras, and separated from the ore by means of Hungarian quicksilver. The table was formed from a monarch of the woods, which had seen a thousand years in the solitude of Honduras, and attained its prime before Columbus was born. The blade of the knife came from the pine-clad hills of Sweden, but its haft was borne for half a century in the mouth of an elephant which probably never saw man. The table-cloth is a contribution from the Neva, and the work of bearded serfs. The carpet is the work of Armenians in the kingdom of the Sultan. The child's frock has passed through the hands of Virginia slaves, while the

Italian subjects of Austria furnished its sash. Its coral came from an Australasian reef, its pearls from the bottom of the Persian gulf. The lesson is endless. Almost any comfortable house in this metropolis has levied contributions

on every people and clime. Countless tribes, names, conditions, manners, and religions, rise up to the memory as we walk through the rooms and ask of each object in succession, "Where did this come from?"



See-Saw.

IT is not difficult to understand this picture. Who has not enjoyed the sport of *see-saw*, in his or her early days? It is good fun, and is not without its moral. One thing to be remarked is, that every body cannot go up at the same time; yet justice is attained, for he who is down now, takes his turn and rises next. It would be an unequal sport, if one party was always a-top and the other always at the bottom.

Let us commend the above picture to special notice; and while the observer

is looking at it, let him listen to the following dialogue:

JOHN. Halloo, Bill! what do you go so hard for? You have knocked Ben off, and lost your own cap.

BILL. I did it to pay you for going so hard the last time.

This is a brief passage, certainly, but it tells a story—and let me observe, that it is a story of life, worth remembering. If you do an ill turn to another, he is very likely to pay you off as soon as he gets an opportunity.

Adventures of a Missionary.

IN the early history of South America, the labors of the Jesuit missionaries furnish an interesting and instructive topic. One of the most persevering of these was Martin Dobrizhoffer, an Austrian, who spent eighteen years in Paraguay and the neighboring countries, about the middle of the last century. During this period, the Indians suffered severely from the ravages of the small-pox, which swept them off by thousands, and depopulated whole districts.

Dobrizhoffer, on one occasion, was sent out into the woods, with some Indian attendants, to search for wild savages, and bring them into the missionary settlements. We shall copy a portion of the very interesting narrative in which he relates this adventure.

"We carefully explored the woods on the banks of the River Monday-miri, and at length, on the third day, discovered a human footstep. This led us to a little hut, where we found an old Indian woman with her son and daughter, the former twenty, and the latter fifteen years of age.

"Here, it seems, they had lived in solitude for many years. The hut was made of palm branches; their food consisted of fruits, maize, roots, and such small animals as they could catch; their only drink was muddy water; their clothes and bedding were made of the leaves of trees. Their chief luxury was honey, which abounded in the hollow trees of the forest.

"I asked them where the other In-

dians were to be found; but the old woman replied, that no mortal but herself and her two children survived in these woods, all the rest of the people who inhabited the neighborhood having died long ago of the small-pox.

"I was incredulous; but the son, observing my doubting aspect, said, 'My mother speaks the truth; for I myself have traversed up and down the woods, far and near, in search of a wife, but could never meet with a human being.' Nature had taught the young savage that it was not lawful to marry his sister.

"I begged the old mother," continues the good missionary, "to come to my town, promising to take the best care of herself and her children. To this she had only one objection. 'We have,' said she, 'three little pigs, which we have kept tame from their earliest age. They follow us wherever we go, like dogs, and I am afraid they will die in the hot sun in a long journey.'

"'Do not be afraid,' said I; 'depend upon it, I will take good care of the dear little animals. When the sun is hot, we will keep in the shade of the trees, and there will always be rivers and lakes at hand, where they may drink and cool themselves.' By these assurances, the old woman was persuaded to go with us, and at length the whole family, little pigs and all, were safely lodged in our settlement.

"This old woman and her son were tall and well-looking; but the daughter had so fair and elegant a countenance, that a poet would have taken her for one of the nymphs or dryads. She

traveled with a little parrot on her shoulder, and a pet monkey on her arm, quite unterrified by the wild beasts that haunt all this neighborhood. Her behavior combined a becoming cheerfulness with great courtesy.

"The young man had never seen any female except his mother and sister, nor any man but his father. The girl had never seen any human being except her mother and brother; for the father had been torn in pieces by a wild beast before she was born. The new proselytes were added to our community; and I took care that they should be gratified with frequent excursions to the neighboring woods, to enjoy the shade and pleasant freshness of the trees to which they had been accustomed."

The sequel of this interesting and pathetic tale is, that all three drooped and died after a residence of a few months at the missionary station. "The old mother," says the narrative, "who had been instructed in the Christian religion, and baptized, delivered up her spirit with a mind so calm and so acquiescent with the divine will, that I cannot doubt but she entered into a blessed immortality.

"The girl, who had entered the town full of health and beauty, soon lost all resemblance to herself. Enfeebled, and withering like a flower, her bones hardly holding together, she at length followed her mother to the grave, and, if I be not much deceived, to heaven. The brother survived but a short time.

"An Indian Christian, a good man,

and rich in land, who at my orders had received this catechumen into his house, came to me and said, 'My father, our wood Indian is in perfect health of body, but seems to have gone a little astray in mind. He makes no complaints, but says that sleep has deserted him, his mother and sister appearing to him every night in a vision, saying, in a friendly tone, "Suffer thyself, I pray thee, to be baptized. We shall return to take thee away when thou dost not expect it." This vision, he says, takes away his sleep.'

"'Tell him,' answered I, 'to be of good heart, for that the melancholy remembrance of his mother and sister, with whom he has lived all his life, is the probable cause of these dreams, and that they, as I think, are gone to heaven, and have nothing more to do with this world.' A few days after, the same Indian returns, giving the same account as before, and with confirmed suspicions respecting the fearful delirium of our new Christian.

"Suspecting there was something in it, I immediately hastened to his house, and found him sitting. On my inquiring how he felt himself, 'Well,' he replied, smiling, 'and entirely free from pain;' but added, that he got no sleep at night, owing to the appearance of his mother and sister, admonishing him to hasten his baptism, and threatening to take him away unexpectedly.

"He told me over and over again, with his usual unreservedness, that this prevented him from getting any rest. I thought it probable that this was a mere dream, and worthy, on that ac-

count, of neglect. Mindful, however, that dreams have often been divine admonitions, and the oracles of God, as appears from Holy Writ, it seemed advisable, in a matter of such moment, to consult both the security and tranquillity of the catechumen.

"Being assured of his constancy, and of his acquaintance with the chief

heads of religion, by previous interrogatories, I soon after baptized him with the name of *Lewis*. This I did on the 23d of June, the eve of St. John, about the hour of ten in the morning. On the evening of the same day, without a symptom of disease or apoplexy, he quietly expired."—*Parley's History of South America*.



The Goblin.

WHAT a fearful picture this is! We must suppose that it represents a wizard, calling up a most terrible spectre, perhaps old Clooty himself, from the wave. It would be easy to make a good story out of it, but unluckily, stories of this sort have nowadays lost a great share of their interest.

Whatever was done in ancient days, it is quite certain that such things do not take place now. Ghosts, goblins, fairies, brownies, banshees, are all exploded, or live only in the dreams of fancy. Little boys and girls may now walk about without the fear of meeting any of these ugly people. If any one really

believes in such things, he is sadly deceived. If any one pretends to have seen a ghost, goblin, or spectre, it is probable that he has been doing some evil thing, and his own disturbed conscience has raised up the unhallowed image. People with good hearts and fair intentions, never meet with evil spirits.

Changes of the Earth's Surface.

THOUGH the surface of the earth, as it now exists, appears very stable and immutable, yet how many changes can be traced upon it, even within the periods of authentic history! Herodotus mentions that the Athenians hunted the wild boar in the forests on Mount Lycabettus, whereas now there is scarcely a shrub to be seen growing there. Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Par-nassus were also clothed to their summits with fruit trees; now their sides are bare and rugged rocks, with only a few stunted trees and shrubs. The soil must have been gradually washed down to the plains by the action of the elements. As a proof of this, in the plain of Olympia, late discoveries have found the columns of the temple of Jupiter nearly twenty feet below the present surface of the ground.

In the first century of the Christian era, when Britain was invaded by the Romans, the whole central parts of the island were either covered with dense forests, or consisted of lakes and marshes. The clearing and cultivating of the country has not only changed the nature

of the soil, but rendered the climate infinitely more wholesome, and has tended to elevate the general temperature. The same effects have been produced in the vast territories of North America within the last three centuries, by the indefatigable energies of the Anglo-American colonists. Wood, from having been once superabundant, is now actually becoming a scarce commodity in some of the older states. In South America, again, very singular changes are being effected by the agency of natural powers. In the neighborhood of Lima, Mr. Darwin mentions the existence of a plain, now dry and barren, but covered with ruins and marks of ancient cultivation. Near it was the dry course of a considerable river, whence the water for irrigation had formerly been conducted. The gravelly channel and water-worn rocks of its former course were distinctly visible, but an eruption of the earth forming an elevated ridge of hills, had crossed its channel, and fairly raised its lower part high above its source. The consequence was, that the flow of water was directed quite into a different channel, and the former fertile valley was left dry and sterile. On the elevated coasts of Peru, the same observant traveler remarked in a bed of shale, which had been raised to the height of eighty-five feet, along with shell and sea-weed, "a bit of cotton thread, plaited rush, and the head of a stalk of Indian corn," evidently proving that this elevation has taken place since man inhabited this part of Peru.

Similar changes of the relative level of land and sea have also been traced in

many situations on the shores of Britain. Marine shells, of the same species as those at present existing in the seas, have been found in a strata now elevated several hundred feet above the sea level, evidently showing that such elevations have occurred within the present geolo-

gical era, and at periods comparatively recent. Thus, while the ever-ebbing and flowing ocean would appear at first view to be continually changing, it is, in fact, more immutable than the land around which it beats, and on which it is ever making inroads.



The Rohillas.

THE Rohillas are a people in the northern part of Hindostan. They are supposed to have been originally emigrants from Afghanistan, who left that country in the early part of the last century, in the character of adventurers in quest of military service.

The name of *Rohilla* is said to be derived from *Roh*, an Afghan word sig-

nifying a hill or mountain. It is remarkable that mountaineers, in all parts of the world, are peculiarly addicted to migration, and an adventurous, wandering life, as we see in the case of the Swiss, the Scotch, the Savoyards, the Tyrolese, etc. On their arrival in Hindostan, the Rohillas settled in that district which lies between Delhi and Sirhind, eastward of the country of the

Sikhs. This territory received from them the name of Rohilcund.

During the period of their independence, the Rohillas were, with few exceptions, the only Mahometans in India who exercised the profession of husbandry. They made many improvements in various branches of agriculture, and soon surpassed all their neighbors in the abundance and superior quality of the productions which their industry raised from the soil. They were divided into several independent tribes, but in times of general danger they acted in concert. They were capable of bringing into the field a numerous and well-disciplined body of cavalry. They were particularly distinguished for a mortal antipathy toward their neighbors, the Mahrattas.

In the year 1773, the Mahrattas invaded the country of the Rohillas. The British interfered in this war, and sent an army to the relief of the Rohillas. The Mahrattas were defeated, but this success proved the ruin of those who were delivered from the invasion. In a dispute which took place shortly afterward between the Rohillas and the Nabob of Oude, the latter sought the aid of Warren Hastings, the British Governor-General of India. The territory of Rohilcund was in a most thriving condition, yielding an annual revenue of five millions of dollars from the land alone, besides the products from other sources of wealth. These riches tempted the cupidity of Hastings, and, at his instigation, the nabob made war upon the Rohillas, plundering and devastating their country in the most bar-

barous manner. In the end, the British obtained possession of all their territory, and hold it to this day.

The Rohillas, under the British dominion, are still brave and industrious, but the country has greatly declined from its ancient prosperity. A traveler passing over this region after the conquest, uses the following language :

“On the first of February, after a tedious journey, leading through a lonely, inhospitable country, I arrived at Oulah. Of the few fellow-travelers pursuing the same track, two wolves, a fox, and two hares, composed the greater number. The shrubs and high grass had so concealed the path, that I was quite bewildered, and had lost my way, when a small village on an eminence attracted my notice, and held out the prospect of relief. But such is the instability of sublunary pleasure, that this promising mark proved a false beacon. The hamlet was unroofed, and its inhabitants had sought a more friendly land.

“Then, in the bitterness of my heart, I gave up Sujah-ud-Dowlah (the Nabob of Oude) to as many imps of darkness as chose to take him, and was about consigning the English to the same crew, for having expelled from a country which they had made populous and opulent, the extensive tribe of Rohillas. How insatiable, cruel, and destructive even of its own purposes, appears ambition, when placed in this light! It prompted a prince, already possessed of an ample, fair territory, to seize the domain of his neighbors, who, by a salutary system of government, had en-

riched their country, and made their name respected. The conqueror, by the fortune of war, subjects into a province this flourishing territory, which is soon converted into desolate plains and deserted villages. The town of Oulah, once crowded with inhabitants, and adorned with mosques and spacious buildings, is now verging to ruin, and many of its streets are choked up with fallen habitations."

In person, the Rohillas are a tall, handsome race of people, and, when compared with their neighbors, may be called white.

The Clouds—A Dialogue.

AUNT. What! are my dear children come again?

CHILDREN. Yes, aunt, here we are again; and we hope that you will not be tired of our company.

A. No, no; there is no fear of that. Aged people generally spend many hours of the day alone; and it is a pleasant thing to have a little company sometimes. You are not like some noisy, ill-behaved children that I sometimes meet with, who think of nothing but their own pleasure, and are careless how disagreeable they make themselves to others. You are quiet and teachable, and that exactly suits an old woman like me. I suppose you have come to hear something about the clouds. Now, before I begin, let me hear you repeat a text from the Holy Scriptures with the word clouds in it.

CH. Well, really we cannot recollect

one, though, no doubt, there are a great many.

A. Yes, there are a great many; this is one of them: "The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment. Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach unto the clouds; yet he shall perish for ever."—Job, xx., 5-7.

CH. That is a very solemn text, indeed; we will try to remember it. How nicely you are running those stockings in the heel: the worsted is as regular as if you had drawn the lines with a ruler—not a stitch out of place.

A. It would be a sad reproach to me if I had lived so many years in the world without learning to run a stocking well in the heel: besides, not having a great deal of work to do, I take my time, and ought, therefore, to do such things well. I hope that you are all industrious, and are able to do what you undertake well; for it is a sad thing to be idle, and not to know what every body else knows. But I suppose you now want me to tell you a little about the clouds.

CH. Yes. It is a sad pity that we cannot tell you any thing that you do not know; but we will do any thing we can for you. See, we have brought you a nice posy of field-flowers, but we covered it over with a handkerchief that you might not see it at first.

A. You are kind-hearted little creatures, and I shall look at your flowers when you are gone, and think of the young friends who gave them to me. You must have been very busy.

CH. That is very droll, that you should think we have been busy, when we called ourselves the busy bees just before we came to your cottage. But it was not because we had been busy in gathering the flowers that we called ourselves so.

A. What could it be, then? Were you busy in doing any thing else?

CH. You shall hear. We were just going to gather a woodbine out of the hedge, when two or three bees came buzzing about us, and lighted, one after another, on the flowers. "Oh! oh!" said we, "these insects are on the same errand as ourselves; we are all trying to get honey: they are gathering it from the flowers, and we are going to get it from kind Aunt Upton." And so we called ourselves the busy bees.

A. Indeed, my little busy ones; and do you really think that getting wisdom is like getting honey?

CH. Yes; only that wisdom is the best, because it will be useful to us when all the honey has been eaten.

A. I love to hear you talk; but if I do not begin to tell you something about the clouds, our time will slip by, and you will go back no wiser than you came.

CH. Ay, now for it, aunt; we were forgetting all about the clouds. They are not so high up in the air as the moon, are they?

A. Oh, no; the clouds are very near to us at times, and never very far off. In mountainous countries, the clouds are seen continually rolling down by the sides of the high hills, and I have frequently been above the clouds my-

self, standing on the top of a mountain, where the air was clear, while the cloud below me has been too thick to see through.

CH. Oh, how we should like to climb up a high mountain and get above the clouds! But how did you find your way down again?

A. Why, my loves, when you are in a cloud, it seems to vanish away. If you recollect, on a misty morning the fog always looks thick at a distance from you, but when you go to the place, it is no thicker there than where you were before.

CH. That is very true, and we have often wondered where the fog could go to.

A. It is the same when it snows. You can see very well between the flakes of snow that are close to you, but not between those at a distance. I found no difficulty in getting down the mountain.

CH. Of what use are the clouds, aunt?

A. If their only use was to adorn creation, we should have reason to be thankful. What a beautiful blue, what a glowing red, what a lovely white, may be seen in the clouds at different times of the day! You remember, perhaps, telling me about the rising sun which you saw; and surely you have not forgotten the beautiful clouds that you described when you were ready to cry with joy at the glorious scene before you?

CH. No, we have not forgotten the beautiful clouds, and we do think that the clouds are very lovely.

A. They are, especially at the rise and set of the sun ; but their beauty is not their only use. The clouds keep away the great heat of the summer sun, which, but for them, would at times be very oppressive. Then they water the earth, just as a gardener waters the ground with a watering-pot ; not in floods that would injure the shrubs and trees, but in small drops, so that vegetation is refreshed, and the trees of the field put on a greener attire. The Bible says, God "bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds."—Job, xxvi., 8.

CH. Oh, the clouds are very useful ! but where do they get their water from that they rain down on the earth ?

A. I will tell you. When a saucepan, a pot, or a kettle of water is put on the fire, as soon as the water boils, a strong steam rises up : now that steam is a part of the water, which, being made hot, flies upward ; it is lighter than the air, and therefore rises through it.

CH. Yes, we have seen the steam rise out of the tea-kettle spout.

A. Well, in like manner the water of the sea, and rivers, and ponds, and marshy places, when the sun shines upon it, and makes it hot, rises up through the air, and forms clouds.

CH. But what makes the clouds let out the water that they carry ?

A. When a cloud passes through a current of cold air, the small drops, which have risen like steam, get closer together, and form larger drops ; and as the air cannot bear these up, they fall down, and refresh the earth, as I said before, with cooling showers.

CH. Come, we know something about the clouds now, however. What curious forms are sometimes seen in the clouds ! the other day we saw one like a bear ; it was exactly like a bear, and soon after it turned into a dragon.

A. I am very fond of tracing the forms of clouds, for some are very beautiful. At one time the heavens appear like a large field, where flocks of sheep are plainly seen. At another, the sky looks like a wide sea, with islands here and there in the middle of it ; and, perhaps, an hour after, piles of snowy rocks are visible, such as we should delight to climb up, and look around from. But whether the clouds are like bears or dragons, flocks of sheep, islands, or snowy rocks, we should never raise our heads toward them without thinking of Him who sits on his throne above them. It is said of Him—

"Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain ;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumphs of his train :
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign."

While in this world, my dears, we shall never understand a hundredth part of the blessings with which we are surrounded, nor of the sum of gratitude which we owe Him ; but, if we love God, what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

CH. What a deal we shall know then !

A. We shall, my rosy-faced prattlers ; but it is a blessing to know as much as we may do now. God's Holy Word says, "Thy mercy, O Lord, is

in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds." Now if we know this, and believe, also, what our heavenly Father saith—"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee"—why, then, we have cause to rejoice all our days. Our own "goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away," but the "goodness of God endureth continually."—*Aunt Upton.*

Remarks on Painting.

As all objects in nature may be imitated by the pencil, the masters of this art have applied themselves to different subjects, each one as his talents, his taste, or his opportunities may have led him. From this have arisen the following classes:

1st. History-painting; which represents the principal objects in history, sacred or profane, real or fabulous. This may be considered the highest style of painting; Raphael, Guido, Rubens, etc., excelled in historical representation.

2d. Rural history; this is a pleasing and graceful style of painting, though inferior to the former. It represents scenes connected with a country life—the manners and occupations of the inhabitants of villages and hamlets. Teniers and Breughel excelled in it.

3d. Portrait-painting; an admirable branch of the art, and one which has engaged the attention of the greatest

masters of all ages, such as Apelles, Guido, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Kneller.

4th. Grotesque histories. These may represent nocturnal meetings of witches, the tricks of mountebanks, etc. Teniers and Breughel showed much talent for this sort of painting.

5th. Battle-pieces; in which Wouwermans has acquired much celebrity.

6th. Landscape-painting; which includes every object that the country presents, and may be divided into two classes—the heroic, and the pastoral, or rural.

In the heroic style, art and nature are blended together. The buildings introduced in the landscape are temples, pyramids, altars, or ancient places of burial. Into these compositions figures are introduced suitable to the scenery—some ancient story, or fabulous legend. Thus Poussin, who excelled in the heroic style, represents Apollo driving his chariot out of the sea, to intimate the rising of the sun; or a nymph with an urn on her head, as the genius of a river.

This style is an agreeable illusion, when handled by an artist of a discriminating genius. But if the painter has not talent enough to throw a sublime and antique air over the whole, he is often in danger of becoming ridiculous.

7th. The rural, or pastoral style, represents nature in all her infinite variety. The figures should harmonize with the scenery, whether it be wild and mountainous, or soft and verdant.

8th. Sea-pieces; in which are represented the ocean, rivers, and harbors, and the vessels, boats, and barges with

which they are covered—sometimes in a calm, sometimes with a fresh breeze, and at other times in a storm. The two Vanderveldes, and many others, have acquired great reputation in the class.

9th. Night-pieces ; where the objects are illuminated either by the rays of the moon, or the light of a candle or torch, or by the flames of a conflagration.

10th. Fruit and flower painting ; a pleasing branch of the art, which has been frequently carried to such perfection as to rival nature herself.

There are also pieces which represent living animals, and birds of all kinds, in which Vandervelde was very successful ; culinary pieces, representing all kinds of provisions, dead animals, etc.—an inferior style ; pieces of architecture, in which the Italians greatly excel—such as sea-ports, streets, and public places ; pieces representing instruments of music, or furniture—a very trifling branch of the art ; imitations of bas-reliefs ; and hunting-pieces—which require a peculiar talent, as they unite the painting of men, horses, dogs, and games, to that of landscapes.

Of these different classes, history-painting, landscape, and portrait, are the three highest branches.

To understand the beauties and appreciate the merits of these different kinds of painting, it is necessary to have some knowledge of the rules of the art. An untutored savage may be struck with admiration at the sight of Raphael's Fornarina, or Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. A child may be

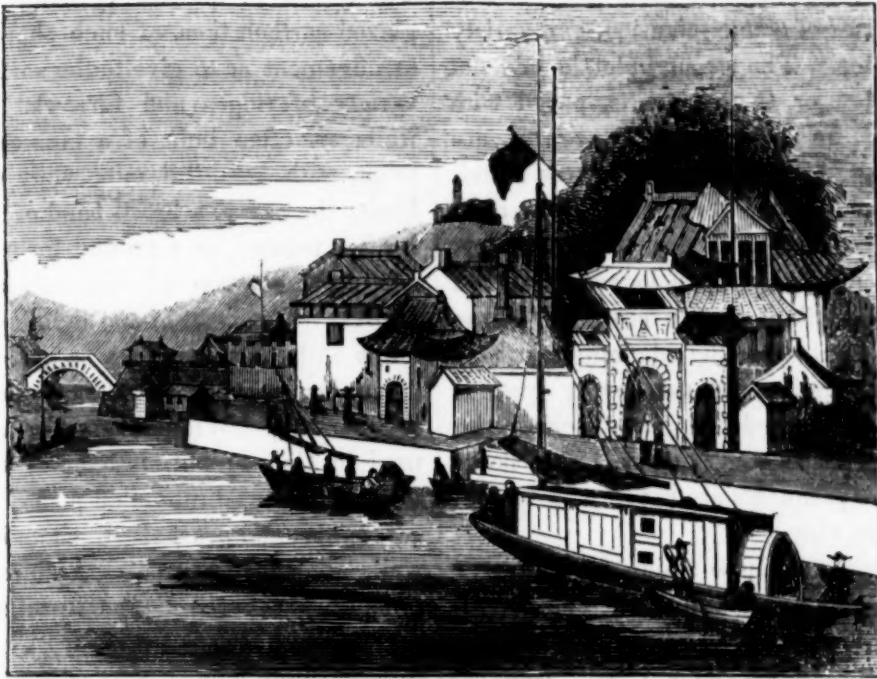
amused by the contortions or false attitudes of an unskilful performance. But neither of them will be able to give any just idea of the causes in which consist either the beauty of the one, or the deformity of the other.

The excellence of a painting may arise from a variety of circumstances—from the correctness of the perspective, the happy disposition of the figures, the beauty of the design, the richness of the coloring, or the arrangement of the draperies.

Omnipresence.

KNEEL, my child, for God is here !
 Bend in love, but not in fear ;
 Kneel before him now in prayer ;
 Thank him for his constant care ;
 Praise him for his bounties shed
 Every moment on thy head ;
 Ask for light to know his will ;
 Ask for love thy heart to fill ;
 Ask for faith to bear thee on,
 Through the might of Christ, his Son ;
 Ask his Spirit still to guide thee
 Through the ills that may betide thee ;
 Ask for peace to lull to rest
 Every tumult of thy breast ;
 Ask in awe, but not in fear,
 Kneel, my child, for God is here !

THERE are few habits more prevalent though there are few meaner, than that of speaking lightly of ourselves with the design of making those we address talk in our praise. Weak and vain persons are often guilty in this respect. They fall, that you may lift them up. They fish for food to their pride with the bait of humility.



Chinese Architecture.

THE architecture of the Chinese is very unlike that of Europe or America. It is supposed that these people, having originated from the Tartars, who lived in tents, continued the same general style of architecture after they began to build permanent dwellings, and in this way a Chinese house bears a strong resemblance to a tent.

The general appearance of a building in China, whether it be a private house, or a palace, or a temple, is, in fact, that of a tent, with a curved roof, brick wall, and wooden pillars, resembling tent-poles. All the structures of the Chinese exhibit these characteristic features. The habitation of a grandee, in the capital, is distinguished from that

of a tradesman chiefly by being surrounded with a high wall, and by occupying a greater space of ground. The dwellings of the peasantry are, in general, extremely wretched, being little better than huts thatched with straw or reeds.

In the cities, the common people live in very straitened quarters. A small court-yard, with two or three low-roofed apartments, constitutes the lodging of a whole family. The walls are generally of wood or brick, rarely of stone. The roof is commonly covered with tiles wrought into fanciful forms. The lower story is paved with brick; the upper story is used chiefly as a store room, and is reached by a ladder.

The houses of the wealthy classes

are distinguished by their large courts, galleries of communication, and variety of gates. The ground-plot is laid out into ten or twelve courts, paved with tiles. In some of these courts, are three or four tent-shaped houses, standing upon stone terraces. From each of these run galleries of communication, consisting of colonnades of red wooden pillars, resting on stone. These galleries lead to the adjoining parts of the habitation, so that every quarter may be visited without exposing the occupants to the weather. The floors of the apartments are paved with bricks, or hard clay.

Thus, a Chinese residence is always a collection of buildings, chiefly of small size, varying in style according to the position which they occupy. The visitor, on entrance, first meets with a kind of portico with a gable roof. The front wall stands back some distance within the eaves, and beyond the doorway is always a broad screen, to keep the eyes of curious people from seeing what is going on in the interior of the court. After passing through the portico, the visitor enters a large room, or hall, surrounded with open-work : here the host receives his guests, and the private tutor gives instruction to the boys of the house. On each side of the court stands a building for the reception of servants, and other purposes. The sleeping apartments are in a group by themselves.

The ceiling of the room consists of fir timber and laths. These are neatly finished, and have their interstices filled with mother-of-pearl, or muscle shells.

The outside of the roof is covered with glazed earthen tiles, of such shape and arrangement as to give to the surface a variety of ridges and furrows. The walls are often built of a blue-colored brick, with beautiful milk-white veins. Under the eaves, a broad band of white is often painted, as a ground for a curious representation of landscapes and figures. The front of the building exhibits little appearance of windows or doors, as they are exhibited in our architecture. Window glass is never used in China ; but, instead of it, the inhabitants substitute oiled paper, horn, silk gauze, and pearl-shell. The inside walls are sometimes painted white, and sometimes papered. The furniture of a Chinese house is very scanty, and little attention is paid to interior decorations.

In the court-yards are generally placed pots of flowers and shrubs, or jars containing gold and silver fishes. The courts are also sometimes wrought into an imitation of nature, with miniature hills, rocks, and stunted trees.

The Chinese temples are constructed in the same fashion as the houses, except that they are loftier. Some of them are three stories high ; all are painted red, and covered with varnish. The pagodas, or temple-towers, are exceedingly lofty structures, consisting of five, seven, or nine stories—always an uneven number. Some of them measure one hundred and sixty feet in height. They are high or low, according to the importance of the cities in the neighborhood of which they are built ; and it has been conjectured,

from this circumstance, that they were originally intended for signal stations.

The gates of the cities are, next to the pagodas, the most conspicuous piles in Chinese architecture. They are generally square buildings, rising several stories above the arched gateway, covered, like the temples, with projecting roofs, and furnished with port-holes, like fortifications.

The Chinese cottages have a curious expansion at the gable-end, which makes them look much higher than they really are. A village, when seen from a distance, presents a very striking appearance, especially when there happens to be a temple in the middle of it, with its roof turning up in horns, and its ridge decorated with dragons, dolphins, etc., bending in various curvatures. The Chinese are always careful to avoid, as much as possible, straight lines in architecture; and where they occur, they are disguised with ornamental bends and turnings.

There is great variety and beauty in the Chinese bridges, which are generally light and elegant to the view, although they are seldom built with much solidity or strength. Anciently, they were much more ingenious and magnificent than at present. Some of them were so contrived that they could be erected in one day, to supply the place of others which might happen to be broken down. The old Chinese bridges derived their name from their figure—as rainbow-bridge, draw-bridge, compass-bridge, pulley-bridge, and many others unknown at present.

The building of bridges was once a

luxurious folly of the emperors, so that they multiplied them from whim or caprice, without necessity and without use. Still, many of these structures are very beautiful and magnificent. Some are half a mile in length, consisting of more than one hundred arches. There is said to be a bridge crossing the river Zaffrany, which joins two mountains together. This consists of a single arch, 600 feet wide, and 750 feet high. No European traveler has seen it, and perhaps the Chinese may have exaggerated its dimensions. Yet, what is this bridge, in comparison with the great wall of China, which is fifteen hundred miles long, and passes over mountains, rivers, and valleys—containing masonry enough to build two millions of houses!

Anecdotes of Children.

I REMEMBER a little boy who was a lexicographer from his birth, a language-master, and a philosopher. From the hour he was able to ask for a piece of bread and butter, he never hesitated for a word—not he! If one would not serve, another would, with a little twisting and turning. He assured me, one day, when I was holding him by the hand rather tighter than he wished (he was but just able to speak at the time), that I should *choke* his hand; at another, he came to me, all out of breath, to announce that a man was below, *shaving* the wall. Upon due inquiry, it turned out that he was

only *white-washing*. But how should he know the difference between white-wash and lather—a big brush and a little one? Show me, if you can, a prettier example of synthesis, or generalization, or a more beautiful adaptation of old words to new purposes.

I have heard another complain of a school-fellow for winking at him *with his lip*; and he took the affront very much to heart, I assure you, and would not be pacified till the matter was cleared up. Other children talk about the *bones* in peaches—osteologists are they; and others, when they have the tooth-ache, aver that it *burns* them. Of such is the empire of poetry.

I have heard another give a public challenge in these words, to every child that came near, as she sat upon the door-step, with a pile of tamarind-stones, nut-shells, and pebbles, lying before her: "Ah! I've got *many-er* than you!" That child was a better grammarian than Lindley Murray. And her wealth, in what was it unlike the hoarded and useless wealth of millions?

Never shall I forget another incident which occurred in my presence between two other boys. One was trying to jump over a wheel-barrow. Another was going by; he stopped, and after considering a moment, spoke. "I'll tell you what you can't do," said he. "Well, what is it?" "You can't jump down your own throat." "Well, *you* can't." "*Can't I, though?*" The simplicity of "Well, you can't," and the roguishness of "*Can't I, though?*" tickled me prodigiously. They reminded me of sparring I had seen else-

where—I should not like to say where, having a great respect for the temples of justice and the halls of legislation.

"I say 'tis white oak." "I say it's red oak." "Well, I say it's white oak!" "I tell ye 'taint white oak." Here they had joined issue for the first time. "I say 'tis." "I say 'taint." "I'll bet you ten thousand dollars of it." "Well, I'll bet you ten ten thousand dollars." Such were the very words of a conversation I have just heard between two children, the elder six, the other about five. Were not these miniature men? Stockbrokers and theologians?

"Well, my lad, you've been to meeting, hey?" "Yes, sir." "And who preached for you?" "Mr. P——." "Ah! and what did he say?" "I can't remember, sir, he put me out so." "Put you out?" "Yes, sir; he kept lookin' at my new clothes all meetin' time!" That child must have been a close observer. Will any body tell me that he did not know what some people go to meeting for?

It was but yesterday that I passed a fat little girl, with large hazel eyes, sitting by herself in a gateway, with her feet stretching straight out into the street. She was holding a book in one hand, and, with a bit of stick in the other, was pointing to the letters. "What's that?" cried she, in a sweet, chirping voice, "*hey?* look on! What's that, I say? F. No—o—o—oh!" shaking her little head with the air of a school-mistress who has made up her mind not to be trifled with.

But children have other characters.

At times they are creatures to be afraid of. Every case I give is a fact within my own observation. There are children, and I have had to do with them, whose very eyes were terrible; children who, after years of watchful and anxious discipline, were as indomitable as the young of the wild beast, dropped in the wilderness—crafty, and treacherous, and cruel. And others I have known, who, if they live, *must* have dominion over the multitude, being evidently of them that from the foundation of the world have been always thundering at the gates of power.

Parents! fathers! mothers! if it be true, that “just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined,” how much have you to answer for! If “men are but children of a larger growth,” watch your children forever, by day and by night! pray for them forever, by night and by day! and not as children, but as *men* of a smaller growth; as men with most of the evil passions, and with all the evil propensities, that go to make man terrible to his fellow-men.—*J. Neal*.

Redeeming the Time.

“**A**s in a letter,” says Mr. Jay, “if the paper is small, and we have much to write, we write closer, so let us learn to economize and improve the remaining moments of life.”

“Work while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.”

“I must be very industrious, for this

is the only candle I have, and it is almost gone,” said a little girl to herself, as she sat swiftly plying her needle by the light of a candle that was burned down almost to the socket.

Seneca Lake.

ONE of the most beautiful pieces of water in the world, is *Seneca Lake*, in the State of New York. The following lines, addressed to it by Percival, are worthy of the subject:

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail;
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror, spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain’s side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below;
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
Oh, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o’er.

In doing what we ought, we deserve no praise, because it is our duty.



The Chandalahs.

THE Chandalahs, or Chandalus, are a tribe of Hindoos, who lead a life of poverty and degradation on account of their irregular parentage. They exist in all parts of Hindostan.

The Hindoos have been from time immemorial divided into *castes*, or distinct orders. These castes are four, namely: 1. The *Brahmins*, or priests, whose especial duty it is to read, pray, and instruct. 2. The *Chatryas*, who exercise the military profession, and hold political offices. 3. The *Bhyse*, consisting of merchants and agriculturists. 4. The *Sudras*, whose duty is subjection, labor, and servitude.

This separation of castes is supposed by the Hindoos to have sprung from the original formation of mankind, and the first classification of human beings. The custom is undoubtedly of the most remote antiquity, and has become inseparably connected with the social institutions and national manners of the people of Hindostan. Such has been the effect of this wonderful system, and so deep a root has it taken in the prejudices and habits of the Hindoos, that, in the midst of all the wars, revolutions, and civil tumults which have disturbed their country for thousands of years past, the four castes have been kept

distinct, each exercising its peculiar occupations, and abstaining from all interference with the others. The Brahmin is still the sacred depository of religious knowledge, and to him all the other classes pay the highest deference. The Chatrya is the only regular soldier, the Bhyse the only regular cultivator and merchant, in Hindostan; and the Sudra remains the "servant of all work."

The more honorable the caste is, the more numerous are the restrictions under which its members are laid, and the prerogatives which they enjoy are the more valuable. Very severe penalties are imposed upon those who disregard any of the rules of their caste. To this point of honor the Hindoo patiently sacrifices his comfort, his health, and his life. An anecdote will illustrate this in a very forcible manner.

A Brahmin of Calcutta, while laboring under a severe disease, exposed himself on the banks of the Ganges, where he passed some hours in contemplation and prayer. He waited, motionless, for the tide to advance and bear him into the sacred waves, where, according to the superstitious belief of the Hindoos, a blessed and delightful death was to await him. A party of English people happened to pass near him in a boat, and, supposing the Brahmin to be suffering from the effects of some unfortunate accident, they took him on board, and restored him to animation by the help of cordials and food.

His brother Brahmins now pronounced him infamous, degraded from his caste, and unworthy of being spoken to

by a Hindoo. It was to no purpose that the Englishmen showed, by undeniable testimony, that the fault was theirs, and not the Brahmin's, as the latter was found by them in a state of utter insensibility. The Hindoo law was inflexible. He had received drink and food from a stranger, contrary to its express commands; and for this, he was deprived of all the means of subsistence, and made an outcast from society.

The English courts of justice decided that those who had saved his life should maintain him. The unhappy Brahmin, deserted by all his friends, and followed every where by demonstrations of contempt and scorn, dragged out a miserable existence for three years, and then put an end to his own life.

Besides the four great castes, there are numerous mixed classes of Hindoos, who have arisen from unlawful intermarriages between the castes, and other circumstances by which individuals become degraded from their rank. The Chandalahs constitute one of these impure classes. They arose originally, it is said, from the marriage of a Sudra with a female Brahmin. A Chandalah is esteemed a very degraded being. His occupation is generally that of a fisherman, or day-laborer. He carries the dead to their graves, officiates as public executioner, and performs all those deeds of abject drudgery that in other countries are devolved upon slaves and criminals. On the Malabar and Coromandel coast, such is the abomination in which this unfortunate class is held, that if one of them were to touch a Rajpoot or a Nair, the person touched

would instantly put him to death. Even the shadow of a Chandalah falling upon an individual of another class, is considered as polluting him.

The Stars—A Dialogue.

CHILDREN. Well, aunt, we have come to hear about the stars, of which you promised to tell us.

AUNT. Well, my dears, come in and rest yourselves after your walk, and I will gladly tell you all I know about the stars.

CH. Thank you ; if you tell us all you know, you will tell us a great deal.

A. No, my children, my knowledge is but very small of the wonderful works of creation ; and the only reason why you think I know so much is, because you know so little. It is not, however, the amount of our knowledge, so much as the use to which we apply it, that is of importance. They who fear the Lord, and obey his Holy Word, would be wiser than the wicked, even if the latter could call all the stars by their names ; for the use of wisdom is to promote the glory of God and the happiness of human beings, and the wisdom that does not do this is not worth the trouble of getting.

CH. We shall never be as wise as you, aunt. But now tell us all about the stars. Do they travel as fast as the earth and moon ?

A. No, they do not travel, but are fixed always in the same places, and

for that reason they are called the fixed stars.

CH. Why, how can that be, when we can see them twinkle as they do, as if they were moving, and sometimes in one part of the sky, and sometimes in another ? We thought they traveled quite as fast as the earth.

A. There are some of the heavenly bodies which are called planets, because they move round the sun. There are now reckoned by astronomers twelve planets.

CH. That is very strange : the twinkling stars, then, stand still, and those that do not twinkle move round the sun ?

A. Exactly so, my dears. What we call our *solar system*, consists of the sun, in the middle, and the planets which move round him ; but the stars belong to other systems, and are believed to have bodies like the earth and moon moving round them.

CH. Well, that is curious ! And how far are they off, Aunt Upton ?

A. It is said by those who have paid great attention to the heavenly bodies, and calculated as nearly as possible their distances, that none of them can be less than thirty billions of miles off.

CH. Oh, dear ! We do not know how many there are in a billion.

A. A billion is ten hundred thousand millions. Set down a one and twelve 0s, thus—1,000,000,000,000.

CH. Ten hundred thousand millions ! why, dear aunt, that must be more than the number of the stars that we see in the sky in the clearest night.

A. Yes, a great deal more ; for we

cannot see above a thousand at any one time, unless we look through a telescope.

CH. Not more than a thousand! we should have thought there were thousands of thousands, for they are so thick that they seem almost to touch one another.

A. Astronomers have made a catalogue of the stars they have seen through their telescopes, and they are more than a hundred thousand; but, with the naked eye, as I said before, we cannot see more than a thousand. When I spoke of the planets, I should have told you, that Mercury, being so much nearer the sun than we are, is so hot that it would change water directly into steam; while the water, if there be any, in Jupiter, Saturn, Herschel, and those still farther from the sun, must always be frozen into ice.

CH. Then we have reason to be glad that the earth we live on is not like Mercury and Jupiter. But how big are the stars, Aunt Upton?

A. That I cannot tell you. Small as they appear, many of them are, probably, much larger than the sun. I dare say that you can repeat the pretty verses beginning—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!"

CH. Yes! yes! we can repeat them all by heart. But please to tell us how you know the stars to be so big as you say they are?

A. The reason why we know they

must be amazingly large is, because they always seem the same size, though we are much nearer them at one time than another, as the earth moves round the sun. I will try to make this plain to you. See here; I will stick a pin in the very middle of this pincushion, and hold it in my hand. There, can you see the pin's head quite plain?

CH. Oh, yes; quite plain.

A. Now, then, walk a little way round the room; turn round. Can you see it now?

CH. Yes; but it does not look so big as it did before.

A. Go still farther. Can you see it now?

CH. We can see it, certainly; but it looks very little.

A. Well, then, go on to the opposite side of the room, and then it will be quite as much as even your young eyes can do to discern it. What can you see of it now?

CH. We can just see it; but it is quite a little speck.

A. Well, then, in going round the room, you are only a few yards farther from the pin's head at one time than at another, and yet you perceive a difference in the size of it; but in going round the sun, the earth is at one time a hundred and ninety millions of miles farther from some of the stars than it is at another, and yet there is not the slightest apparent difference in the size of them. This proves the amazing size of the stars, and the great distance they must be from us.

CH. We understand you now, aunt, which we never should have done if

you had not stuck the pin in the pin-cushion.

A. If we looked on the stars only as so many lamps of light hung up by our heavenly Father to beautify creation, they would manifest his power, his wisdom, and his goodness; but when we regard them as perhaps being suns to other worlds, we are lost in the amazing field that it opens to our thoughts. I love to look on the stars, as on so many servants of the Lord, setting forth his glory from one generation to another. In ancient times, wise men formed a plan whereby they could tell all the visible stars in the heavens, and distinguish one from another at once.

CH. How did they manage that? Why, one star is so much like another, that it seems impossible for any body to know the difference. Some are a little larger and brighter than the rest, to be sure, but the greater part of them are alike. Come, aunt, you must make this matter plain, for it quite puzzles us.

A. We are puzzled, my dears, by every thing that we do not understand. But see here, with this piece of chalk I will make dots on the table, some close together, and some at a distance from each other. Now, if you had occasion to point out any particular dot to me to-morrow morning which you notice now, how should you manage it?

CH. We could not manage it at all, unless it was bigger or less than the rest.

A. With the chalk, then, I will make a ring round a few of the dots, a square round others, an oval round some more,

and other forms round the rest. Now do you see that you could point out any dot among them, because you would say that it was in such a part of the round ring, or of the oval, or the square?

CH. Oh, that is a capital plan! However, we should never have found it out. And is that the way the wise people did in ancient times?

A. Not exactly, my prattlers; for they would have found it more than they could manage to draw chalk marks on the skies, but they did something like it: they looked at the stars, and drew lines round them in their imagination. For instance, if a group of stars struck them as resembling a ram, they, in their fancy, drew the form of a ram round it. If another group resembled an archer, they, in their fancy, drew the form of an archer round it; and so on till they had put all the groups of stars into some form or other, and thereby could at any time tell one star from another. They called these forms constellations. There were fifty of them in all, and twenty-four others have since been added. I will give you the names of some of them. The Ram, the Bull, the Twins, the Crab, the Lion, the Virgin, the Balance, the Scorpion, the Archer, the Goat, the Water-bearer, and the Fishes.

CH. We shall look at the stars now with ten times more pleasure than ever. Why can we not learn all the constellations that you speak of?

A. Because, my dears, there are other things more necessary for you to learn. We have duties to do in this

world without puzzling our heads about the stars more than just enough to be convinced of the amazing power and wisdom of God in the works of his creation. Let us, then, leave these things to astronomers and wise people, while we learn to climb up far above the stars, even to heaven. Our Bible tells us how to do this. The way would be hard enough had not our Saviour Jesus Christ suffered on the cross for our sins. We must be meek and lowly, and learn of Him; for he is the true way, and none that seek to enter heaven by Him, shall be shut out. When we speak or think of the stars, the Star of Bethlehem should not be forgotten. It directed the wise men to the Saviour of the world; let it be a means of directing our thoughts to him also. I love to tell you the little that I know about the heavenly bodies; but I had rather that you were lowly followers of the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and diligent doers of your common every-day duties, than that you should be learned astronomers, even though you were to become so clever as to calculate the distance of the sun, and the size of the moon, and to call the whole of the stars by their names.—*Aunt Upton.*

SUCH as have virtue always in their mouths, and neglect it in practice, are like a harp, which emits a sound pleasing to others, while itself is insensible of the music.

To our Correspondents.

SOME time ago, it was our custom to hold correspondence with our friends in different parts of the country, and many a pleasant letter had we from our young subscribers. The necessity of taking a trip to Europe, on our part, interrupted this intercourse; but, as we have returned from our wanderings, and taken possession once more of our "old arm chair," we desire to return to old habits, and therefore invite our friends to send us their communications. Remember that they must be *sent post paid* to the publishers, 116 Nassau street, New York, and addressed *Editor of Merry's Museum.*

We have collected some scraps of history, some legends of the olden time, some incidents, accidents, and anecdotes, which we shall present to our readers from time to time—hoping thereby to bring forth things "new and old," for their profit and pleasure. We are tired of wandering, and glad and grateful to get back to our own happy country; we desire no better entertainment than to commune with our young friends, and no better glory than their favor and approbation.

DRESS.—There is not in the world a surer sign of a little soul, than the striving to gain respect by such despicable means as dress and rich colors: none will depend on these ornaments but those who have no other.

Windham, Conn., April 17, 1848.

MR. EDITOR—

I send you answers to the puzzles, etc., in the last Museum. The answer to J. A. B.'s *first*, was "Robert Merry's Museum;" to her *second*, "Peeps at Paris." To E. P. B.'s enigma, "Harper's Pictorial Bible." To Constant Readers' enigma, "John Quincy Adams."

J. A. B.'s *first* puzzle was quite knotty to persons not as shrewd and well informed as herself. Will you afford me the same pleasure you did her, by publishing the inclosed enigma?

Truly, yours, JAS. S. PARSONS.

Enigma.

I AM composed of twenty-one letters.

My 11, 6, 1, 21, 18, 16, is what most persons daily step upon.

My 21, 7, 11, 4, 20, 21, 13, is the latest admitted member of a *revolutionary* society.

My 18, 8, 9, 10, 11, 2, 10, 8, is an old path of a footstool.

My 11, 10, 19, 8, 7, 12, is the last member of a select and brilliant *circle*.

My 2, 13, 9, 7, 19, 8, 14, 11, 18, is the handmaid of the astronomer.

My 9, 13, 3, always follows a cancer.

My 15, 10, 19, 17, is a constellation.

My 12, 5, 16, 13, 6, 9, 10, 16, 13, is the author of my existence.

My whole is well known for its strong aversion to light; no mortal ever saw it while either the sun or moon was shining; it only appears in darkness, and yet it was never seen by night; when seen, which is seldom, it is always by day, and yet it never saw the sun.

JAS. S. PARSONS.

Enigma.

I AM composed of ten letters.

My 9, 9, 8, 5, 7, is a practice that has caused much death.

My 3, 5, 6, 2, 5, is a noted mountain.

My 1, 2, 8, 8, 2, 1, 2, is a distinguished poet

My 1, 2, 7, 9, 10, is a vehicle.

My 9, 8, 8, 2, 1, 2, is a tribe of Indians.

My 1, 4, 5, 3, 8, is a game of chance.

My 1, 4, 2, 8, is a pronoun.

My 10, 8, 8, is an adverb.

My 1, 2, 3, is a verb.

My 9, 4, is an interjection.

My 10 9, 8, 2, 8, 5, 9, 6, is an art of num-
bering. R. T. PAINE, Jr.

Enigma.

I AM composed of sixteen letters.

My 7, 8, 9, 10, is to clean.

My 7, 11, 12, 13, is a part of a bird's body.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is a proper name.

My 14, 15, 16, is a certain weight.

My 10, 11, 12, 13, 6, is what a door hangs
and swings on.

My 16, 15, 9, 6, is a part of the face.

My 5, 11, 13, is a carriage.

My whole is the name of a great man.

EDWARD W. A.

Poughkeepsie, March 10th.

Enigma.

I AM composed of twenty-five letters.

My 4, 3, 6, is the name of a quadruped.

My 14, 4, 2, 2, 9, adds beauty to this world

My 25, 1, 13, is an eminent production.

My 23, 22, 16, 23, is a temporary abode.

My 7, 8, 7, 24, 22, brings want.

My 5, 20, 5, is used among slave-holders.

My 9, 11, 12, causes trouble.

My 19, 18, 16, is useful in summer

My 10, 15, 17, 21, is what no man is.

My 13, 12, 20, 14, is a troublesome insect.

My 15, 10, is an interjection frequently used.

My whole is the name of one of the court of
France.

From one of your most constant readers,

G. M. BRAYTON.

Ravenna, March 16th, 1848.